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FEED AMERICA FIRST.

TAR price wheat scores new high records daily. Two dollar wheat is already talked of as a grim possibility. The price of white flour to the baker has risen from \$4.25 to \$7.75 New York is notified that before the end of the week it may expect six-cent bread. All over the country bakers are issuing warnings that either the loaf must shrink or the price increase.

Heanwhile wheat goes to Europe at the rate of from 1,000,000 to \$55,000 bushels a day. Chicago grain speculators figure the "killings" bay can make by cornering what is left.

Where is all this to end? Is mere "watchful waiting" on the part of the Government, "watchfulness" on the part of District Atterneys here and there, going to avert the dire consequences of a bread famine? If an embargo on foodstuffs is the only thing that will cave the people of the United States not only from losing all benefit of last year's huge wheat crop but from actual starvation prices, then why doesn't the Government take prompt action to safegreated the country's chief food staple? Can the nation not expect of Congress sufficient grasp of the situation, sufficient foresight to come to the rescue?

America raised the wheat. Feed America first.

General Manager Huff of the B. R. T. testifies that he can pack forty-two standees in a surface car. No wonder the B. R. T. made him Vice President! Also Slaughter is his first

CHARITY ON A BUSINESS BASIS.

I IS related that one day Col. James Fisk and Jay Gould were walking along Eighth Avenue toward their offices in the Grand Opera House Building, at Twenty-third Street, when a man stepped up and asked them for some money. Mr. Gould pulled out a roll of greenbacks and began to search for a dollar bill, when the Colonel grabbed the roll and handed it to the wayfarer, saving: "Jay, never count charity."

Among the day's doings the report of the Charity Organization Society excites considerable comment because it appears that for every dellar it distributes to deserving persons the Society requires \$1.50 to get the distributing properly done.

The Society explains with great care and particularity that it does count its charitable efforts, that it endeavors to inculcate thrift, etimulate a desire for better living and help the recipient of charity to lift himself out of the dependent class. All this, it is pointed out, takes time and money.

This explanation is in no way unreasonable. Overhead is the great tax in all business. If charity sime to be business-like it cannot escape such a charge. In all sound business it is the rule to reckon from 125 to 150 per cent. for overhead. This means that where a workman receives \$1.00 for turning out a given product the consumer pays \$1.50 in addition for rent, light, heat, maintenance, designing

Charity when placed on a systematic basis has to bear a similar load. It would be hard to devise any way to throw it off other than to hand out as Col. Fisk urged "without counting."

There is no harm in giving liberally. On the other hand, it is mists that, without some check, some organized control, it is only too say to encourage a chronic pauperism that becomes an appalling netized poet, stepped back in alarm burden upon the community. The records of charity work in New and Mr. Jarr, also realising that now York City show a deplorable number of persons who readily slip into was the time to retreat before the the habit of counting on aid to save them from the consequences of their own shiftlessness.

Speaking of Billy Sunday, the Evening Post's correspondent writes: "When he talked to the 'society folks' he told them a little story out of Henry Van Dyke. He adapts himself to all sorts and kinds of audiences." And maybe flatters 'em a

THE CORPORATION CODDLER.

MAZING notions entertained by the Public Service Commis sion of the First District as to its duties toward the public that created it and pays the \$15,000 salaries of its members continue to shine forth.

From the testimony of the Commission's Secretary before the Legislative Investigating Committee it appears that not only did the Commission pigeon-hole complaints and complacently ignore repeated violations of its "orders" on the part of public service corporaloss, but that it actually warned its own servants to be less "vigorous" in their treatment of remiss companies!

The people of New York thought they had set up a champion and protector of their interests. Now they find they have spent millions to maintain a board whose first thought has been to keep the corporations happy.

It was indigo Monday.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

ald make a mem of it if they had

lew is married.—Toledo Blade.

or up home industries.—Bal-

It is the wise man who is sure that his parachute is in working order be-

fore he goes up in a balloon.-Philadelphia Telegraph. Give a man a baby grievance to nurse, then leave him alone a few hours, and the little thing will de-

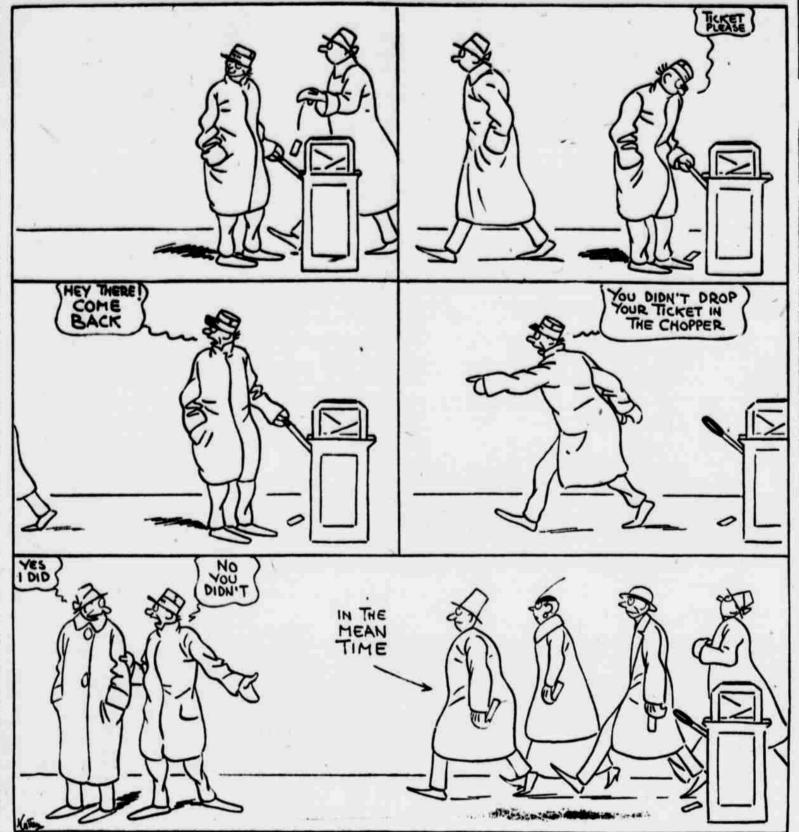
velop into a giant. aliar that one unexpectedly

The men who really know how the siy a deliar, but the one that war is going to end are sitting around peoted to deliver?"

The men who really know how the same and same are sitting around peoted to deliver?"

The men who really know how the same are sam The men who really know how the

Can You Beat It? By Maurice Ketten



The Jarr Family By Roy L. McCardell

OR the last time, take him | most comfortable chair and smiled

he looked like a costermonger in his "pearlies." Dinkston, the magallies overwhelmed them-for Rangle, Slavinsky and all the rest were grabbing every portable object in the cafe -beckoned to Dinkston to retreat. And the two hurriedly withdrew is good order, Dinkston's hand encoun tering the bolt and chain on the sid door and giving off a last electrical display in the shape of a green glaring flare as when a trolley wheel "arcs"

There was no place to take Dinkston (who was now complaining his voltage was running low because several of the pennies sticking to him slipped an inch or so) but home. Mr. Jarr walked ahead through the crowd that had gathered, shouting "Hands off! murder in the first degree. This case Danger!" And so they made their has brought out opinions, comments, way into Mr. Jarr's domicile unmo- judgments and decisions from thinklested, the crowd parting to let Dinkston pass at a safe distance.

"It's the first time I ever was a live wire!" murmured the poet. "And jority the man. There are those who now I realize the pride one feels when sympathize with the present legal one realises one can electrify the wife and others whose sentiments are

If's a good thing that nature can't the brow and some get money by the pride's sake he held out sufficient changed. There are people who noise of the mouth.—Albany Journal.

Poor Mr. Jarr Is Blameless, as Usual; But That's All the Good It Does Him-

turn. "Goodness gracious! What | DIDN'T happen!"

reached for the fire extinguisher.

matter what he had done, he, Dinksnapped Mrs. Jarr. And then she dreadful place!"
abruptly turned and asked Dinkston And securing her rubber kitchen Mr. Dinkston murmured politely.

> "Oh, not in the least, thank you!" And he then gazed sadly at Mr. Jarr as though trying to figure ou business and kept out of other peo- if it would not be best to withdraw ple's affairs. And then to drag me his moral support from him.

"And what are you doing with all those pennies stuck all over you?" asked Mrs. Jarr, sharply, of Dinkanything had happened?" he asked in ston.

Whose Is the Blame? The Eternal Duel Between Desires and Conventions

By Sophie Irene Loeb

jurors" and all the rest.

right," continued Mrs. Jarr acidly;

everything would have been all right

if only you had minded your own

Mr. Jarr's jaw dropped. "Suppose

happened?

Suppose anything had

Some blame the woman, the ma-

Coursists, 1915, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World). DA WALTERS, the woman who poisoned her two babies, is to be arraigned this week on the charge of murder in the first degree. This case has brought out opinions, comments, judgments and decisions from thinkers, moralists, psychologists, "women jurors" and all the rest.

Tection for the blameless little ones. Then was the time for Ida Walters to insist on the marriage that all three are willing to arrange now. Ida this week on the charge of Walters was like every other woman. She could not defy the decrees and doctrines to the very end, and therefore she might better have poisoned the roll of the woman who would not protect her children rather than poison the children.

No matter how one may rell and

of humanity where the heart is concerned, yet one thing is as true as life itself—you can't make a world of

one realises one can electrify the wife and others whose sentiments are crowd!"

"You'll be lucky if we are not arrested for stealing electricity." By the come up into my flat I want you to grab hold of this hall radiator and get rid of some more of that electricity you are packing around. Do Sometimes it is possible for a little while for two people to renounce the wife and others whose sentiments are your can't make a world of your own.

You are born into a planet that you rown.

You are born into a planet that makes its rules and regulations and you must abide by them in the main if you would be at peace. Some of the measures laid down may be all wrong and there will come a time when they will be corrected. But you can take it would be at peace. Some of the measures laid down may be all wrong and there will come a time when they will be corrected. But you can take a world of your own.

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set rid of some more of that electricative tyou are packing around. Do you think I'm going to take home a man whose conduct will shock my wite and little ones?"

And to oblige Mr. Jarr he drew off about a thousand watta. But for pride's sake he held out sufficient it electrical attraction to hold on to the pennics.

Mr. Jarr, who had returned before them, admitted them in a silence that could be felt. She led them into the private hall to Gertrude to keep the private hall to Gertrude to

"Well, Mr. Jarr took a lot of pennies "Weil, I have nothing to do with it. out of the children's bank before out before I shoot!" reassuringly at Mr. Jarr, as though to but please leave me out of your Christmas," said Mrs. Jarr. "I have Gus, and he remind that unfortunate man that no dreadful carryings on next time!" no doubt he spent them at Gus's

the contraband copper.

So Wags

We don't know which of these two makes a fellow feel more ornery: To give up his seat in a car to a woman and get no thanks from her for so doing, or to have her reply stiffly when he makes the offer, "Thanks, I prefer to stand."

at my new address. It was from Panny Eberhardt. She wrote me that Harry had met Mr. Flam, and he had told him that Jack would soon be with me. She congratulated me heartily me and asked me to let her know when it would be convenient for her to come

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon By Helen Rowland

Coppright, 1915, by The Press Pa Johns Co. (The Age Lors forming World) Y Daughter, an Eskimo may read of sunstrokes and a Het of icebergs, yet what shall they KNOW of them? For in matters of climate, as in matters of love, an cunce of

experience is worth a bushel of theories. Now a Damsel of Gomorrah came unto me, saying:

"Lo, I am only a Debutante, yet am I exceeding 'wise,' for I have read everything that hath ever been written concerning MEN. "Yes, from Elinor Glyn to Eugene Brieux, from Laure Jean Laber to Emerson, have I studied them, and there is not one thing concerning

Behold, I have their 'Number!' "And from what they have taught me themselves I have discovered: "That all men admire a sweet and simple maiden and that artificial-

them that I have not set down in my note book and learned by heart.

ity is their abomination! That rice powder and peroxide and beauty patches and French heels receive only their contempt; that lip rouge and eyebrow pencils came them to turn away their faces in shame and sorrow, but SENSISCE

clothes are their delight. "Likewise that every man yearneth for a damsel who can TALE to him intelligently of those things in which he is interested.

"And that forwardness shocketh him, but a DISCREET damsel is And it came to pass, after many days, that the maiden came unto

me again and besought me, saying: "Alas, alas, why didst thou not put me wise? For thou knewest that I had the WRONG dope!

"Behold, all my blushes are wasted, and when I open my mouth to speak wisdom men SHY thereat and are exceedingly frightened. "Yea, after the FIRST walts every man departeth to fox-trot with ...

chemical blonds who resembleth a drug store advertisement and com tereth nothing but nonsense. "Lo. I am not IN it!"

And I comforted her, saying: "Go forth, my Daughter, and in time thou shalt learn what no book "That a man 'admireth' one kind of woman-and pursueth another

"That he 'respecteth' a Priscilla-but courteth a Delilah.

"That he dreameth of a soulmate—but danceth with a butterfly. "That he spendeth his days in sighing for the 'right woman' and flirting with the wrong one. "And WHY this is no one, save the Lord who made him THAT WAY.

knoweth "For in matters of business it is difficult to make a fool of a man, but in matters of love he rejoiceth to make a fool of HIMSELF!"

Furnishing the Bed

M OST of our shops are now featuring cotton displays; and prominent among these are bed furnishings. Housewives and brides-to-be are, therefore, taking advantage of the bargains and at the same time furthering a good cause.

In bedding, as in everything else, there are prescribed fashions. Pillow shams are obsolete and the roll is passe. Pretty pillow cases are the decreed mode. It is advisable to have day and night cases. The latter can be less elaborate in embroidery or have merely a hemstitching.

Embroidered upper sheets are now generally used, the embroidered and turning back over the counterpane gives a pleasing touch to the bed. Other sheets are hemstitched and have the embroidered monogram at centre of hem.

The bedsproad is a matter of concern to the woman of artistic taste. It should be pretty and dainty and yet washable. With the favor shown is a process of the season and the pale blue or delicate pink. Those with lace insets have a matching lace edge. Flounces are no longer fashionable in bed coverings.

Chapters from a Woman's Life By Dale Drummond

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CHAPTER CXXXIX.

the World

By Clarence L. Cullen

The New York World.

The New York World.

The You look a little harassed by the unrestrained noisiness and impudence of undisciplined children in their mothers promptly tab you as a "hater of the dear little ones" and then they tell all hands thakthat's what you are.

We've noticed that folks who talk about their "natural racial antipathies," and who "glory" in that they belong to "the Angio-Saxon they for those around me to make about their "natural racial antipathies," and who "glory" in that they deline they belong to "the Angio-Saxon they for those around me to make they deline they belong to the might be called upon race," frequently are themselves of such a poly-ethnological, so to spoak, admixture that they don't know to what race they really belong.

When a he-biged reaches the point where he'll talk about his domestic difficulties in a mixed (and bored) company he's ready to have the slip-ther forgive nor forget.

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When a he-bayed reaches the point where he'll talk about his domestic difficulties in a mixed glow and the surface of the slip and the telling.

Coud any one have better triends of the story, MY story, will not alk loose the slip and those who had the sea of the sling.

The loos of the story, MY story, To-day is Saturday. On Monday Jack Will be

admixture that they don't know to waimos—I one owell to what race they really belong.

When a he-biged reaches the point where he'll talk about his domestic difficulties in a mixed (and bored) company he's ready to have the slippereiest of all greased skids eased under him der him.

Maybe the nub of it is this: The American man doesn't mind working like blasses for his wife and daugnt ters and tossing the major part of his rakedown into their laps. But what's beginning to irk him a little is that they seem to take it all as so to has perfect matter of course!

All of us, it is safe to assume, casionally shake ourselves out of the letharsy of routine, and, viewing our own little game of living as a whole, ask ourselves: "What the deuce and in getting out of life, anyhow?" They answer rearely is very satisfactory, But usually we conclude that probable highly we'd get a good deal more "out of life" if we really lived up to old, half-forgotten standards that we set for ourselves in the long ago.

We don't know which of these two as makes a fellow feel more ornery: To give up his seat in a car to a woman and get no thanks from her for so doing, or to have her reply stiffly the profession of the makes the offer, "Thanks, if the contractuated me he makes the offer, "Thanks, if the contractuated me he any would and get no thanks from her for so doing, or to have her reply stiffly the contractuated me he makes the offer, "Thanks, if the contractuated me he may and get no thanks from her for so doing, or to have her reply stiffly the contractuated me he makes the offer, "Thanks, if the contractuated me he may any set of the contractuated me he any such as the contractuated me he and any which and interest the contractuated me he can allow the contractuated me he can an intensely home left in the contractuation of the contractuated me he can allow the con

intoxicates me with happiness.

Monday will be our great day. The
commencement of a new life.

(THE END.)

MY WIFE'S HUSBAND New and Investely Interesting Narried-Life Serial

Will Bogin in Thursday's Evening World, Feb. 4